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only guardians. After weathering the gales of centuries these massive columns are still intensely white. What a glorious site for a shrine! To the seaman who sailed by it was an altar set upon a rock, while the islands and the sea from whencesoever it was visible were all included in its sacred precincts, were all a part of the holy temple. One of the most beautiful views I had in Greece was the vista through these stately columns, with the sea beyond, the nearer islands set in lapis lazuli and the farther isles veiled in mist. The shrine and the isles were all of the same poem.

Looking out on the water and remembering how much of Greece is island and peninsula, it is not surprising that so much of the sea washed the pages of the old epic. A single salty word, a happy epithet, a rhythmic line often brought it into the picture with more effect than a page of watery description. This is all that Homer tries to do; but he does it in a variety of ways, and so effectively that one who plunges into the Odyssey is soon conscious of taking a sea-bath. Sometimes he thinks of its vast extent, and calls it the "boundless sea;" sometimes he sees it as a pathway of fleets, and calls it the "watery way." Then he is touched by its varying hues or the clouds that play on its surface. It is the "cloudstreaked," the "murky," the "misty sea." Or he sees its gray foam, and calls it the "hoary sea." In storm or night, it is the "black sea." There is another epithet of Homer which first became real to me on the beach of our own Newport; it is the "wine-dark sea." He was not color blind; the waves as they broke on the shore on that stormy day were claret till they burst in